

RADIO WAVES

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A MAGAZINE FOR RADIO BUFF'S
"THE GOLDEN DAYS OF RADIO"
Editor: Richard C. Vosburg

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWO

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May I take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you who were so kind enough to encourage me to continue this publication. I have enjoyed putting it together and hope that it has given you some pleasure.

I have not asked for a subscription and do not intend too until such time as the magazine becomes a financial burden on me. I will, however, accept any such support, in the form of stamps or cash, you would care to donate. All monies and stamps received would go toward developing the magazine.

Richard C. Vosburg
VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWO, COPY 7

H-O SUPERMAN

In Rockford, Ill., one day last week, a ten year old named Jack Hill trudged along the street without looking where he was going. His nose was buried in a comic-strip magazine devoted to the exploits of Superman. He started absently across a street. A car missed him by a hair; bystanders yelled at him. Jack moseyed on regardless, smack in front of another car. In the hospital, to everyone's amazement but a Superman's, he proved to have no injuries to speak of.

What Jack Hill and his fellow fans find so absorbing about Superman is not simply their hero's imperviousness and giant strength but his ability to fly through the air. Last Week Superman took to the air in earnest, as a three-a-week serial. His sponsor: H-O Oats (Hecker Products Corporation).

Scarcely more than a year ago Superman was just a comic-strip nobody from an obscure planet called Krypton. Now, as almost every kid in the U.S. (and many a grownup) well knows, Superman is THE man to have around in a 1940 pinch. He can outswim a torpedo, outfly an airplane, outdistance a streamliner train, outrun a speeding automobile, punch his way through armor plate. Also he can get down to brass tacks as Clark Kent, reporter, and write super-scoops for his paper.

Almost as phenomenal as his comic-strip career is Superman's vogue with U. S. youth. He appears in 77 U. S. dailies, 36 Sunday papers. With Superman its ace, the magazine Action Comics' net paid circulation has whooped since June 1938 from 130,000 to 800,000. Superman Quarterly is gobbled up at the rate of 1,300,000 copies an edition. The Superman Club has 100,000 members, including Eric and Jean LaGuardia, Spanky McFarland (Our Gang Comedies), a La Follette, a Du Pont, eleven middies from Annapolis, 16 students at Hiram (Ohio) College. In the works are Superman rings, sweater emblems, a Superman watch, a Superman radio (with Superpower).

Superman comes on the air with a shrill, shrieking sound effect (combination of a high wind and a bomb whine, recorded in the Spanish War).

Voices hail him with: "Up in the sky -- look. It's a bird .. It's a plane ... It's Superman!" Superman or no Superman, he has to watch his step on the radio. Mother's clubs have their eyes on him, the child Study Association of America feels that his occasional rocket and space ship jaunts are a bit too improbable. By radio's own war rules, he must remain neutral, may mix no international intrigues, rub out no Hitlers. So last week Superman cleaned up a local mob bent on wrecking the Silver Clipper, a streamlines train; caught them after a quick repair job near Denver, heaving 20 tons of rock off a trestle and replacing missing rails in a jiffy.

Radio's Superman is six-foot-two, 184-lb. Clayton Collyer, brother of Cinematress June Collyer. The episodes are produced in Manhattan by Superman, Inc., recordings expressed to stations using them. Superman has a sound effect about every four lines. For many of his righteous crushers, jumping on various sized berry baskets suffices. For the disintegration of a steel ball bearing in an episode recorded last week, the sound men finally got the oomph they wanted by tossing a dinner plate in the air, busting it with a hammer on the way down.

TIME MAGAZINE, 26 FEB 1940

ED BEGLEY: NUMBER ONE RADIO DIALECTICIAN

They laughed when Ed Begley stood up to play Charlie Chan.

It was 1943 and word had gone out along radio row that a series about the Honolulu detective was in preparation. Auditions were being held for a suitable Chan.

At the time, Begley, a master dialectician, was one of radio's busiest actors. He didn't have time to try out for the part and only went as a courtesy to his sponsor's agency.

"I also had never learned to say no," explains Ed today.

Aware of the many Oriental specialists in the business, Ed didn't think he had a chance. Nor did the specialists. They joshed at his shtick when he showed up.

"When I had read a few lines, producer-director Chick Vinson said, "Say, Ed, I think you've got something there" I laughed and then really knuckled down to give it a twirl."

The field was narrowed from 14 to 6, and then to 4. Finally, the choice was between two actors. One was Ed. The other actor got the gong. For Ed it was mahjong - all the way.

"Charlie Chan bids you good evening and extends you warm greeting."
Goonnnnnnnngggggggg!

That was Ed's introduction to the quarter-hour series on NBC each night. It started out first as a half-hour weekly show, then went to a half-hour again then "Chan" switched to the Mutual network.

Leon Janny was a most versatile actor, compliments Ed. "But he was always trying to break me up on the air with his 'Okay, pop, All right pop and he would always join in the crowd scenes uttering some nonsense.

Leon Janny was Number One Son; Amzie Strickland was Number One Daughter. Alfie Bestor and Bob White were the first writers for the series. Santos Ortego took over the Chan role in 1947. That was the year Begley went into motion pictures.

Ed was thrilled that most of his audience believed he really was Chinese. One little Chinese girl in San Francisco wrote him a fan letter and addressed it to Mr. Ed Beg Lee.

Only once did he come close to missing a show. He was at a recording session and became so involved he forgot the time. When he realized how close he was to air time, he ran the several blocks to the station and puffed into the studio just after Ralph Camargo, a stand-in, had given his introduction. "It's a wonder I wasn't shot," laughs Ed.

Oscar-winning Ed started in radio on WTIC in 1931 in his hometown of Hartford Conn. He played four characters - an Old Mexican, a Young Mexican, a Chinese cook and a Movie Director - in a drama about a movie company on location. He was on his way as a dialectician.

After a stint as an announcer at WNBC in Hartford, he headed for the big time in New York. It wasn't long before he became one of radio's most demanded actors. It is easier to name the shows on which he didn't act. There were always four or five stand-ins scattered about at different stations to take over in case Ed fell sick.

In his radio career he played on more than 12,000 programs. One night he was Charlie Chan, the next night he was Official Detective's Dan Britt and the next day he would be Stephen Graham on Family Doctor.

During the World War he was a regular on State of the Union and was noted for his uncanny duplication of President Roosevelt's voice. He was Sgt. O'Hara on the Fat Man, Lt. Levinson on Richard Diamond and Mr. Dittenfifer on the Alan Young show.

Did he ever worry about becoming confused over his many voices?

"No, I could play Stella Dallas' father one minute and in the next try to strangle her."

Actor Michael O'Shea got him his first part on David Harding, Counterspy. He lauded Begley so highly to the director on the telephone that he finally said: "Okay, we'll give him a chance but he's better be good." Ed rented a tux to play on the first show.

There was a camaraderie about radio that I've never found in any other

medium," says Ed. "I think it was because there was so much time between rehearsals and shows and we could see each other so often.

He credits his dialect ability to his hod-carrying Irish father, who in addition to his rich grogue, was a master at dialects. There's an apocryphal story that says no one really knew what Ed looked like because of his many voices. After every audition, the director would say: "Will the real Ed Begley stand up."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

The radio audience is loyal to its characters. That moot question is settled beyond dispute by the way the audience again has accepted Philips Lord. He is being acclaimed one more for two outstanding radio presentations. He has brought back to life again that lovable, philosophic, psalm-singing SETH PARKER, and has created the most stirring of the true-life dramas, G-MEN.

A year ago a series of unfortunate brakes and a volume of vicious - unfounded gossip nearly wound up his career. He was too hot to handle; even NBC was ready to drop him. The damaging stories circulated - although untrue, as we pointed out in an editorial 'Who was Fooled?' more than a year ago - were creating such a bad impression that it was a repetition of the old story of giving a dog a bad name.

Phil Lord had something up his sleeve, however. It was SETH PARKER, the magnificent, strong, God-fearing, simple, kindly New Englander, with its wide audience acceptance, and the strength of that character (Lord's first creation for radio) that came to Phil's rescue. In the guise of the Jonesport patriarch, Lord started out again and won the audience that seemed lost forever. The ugly stories now are forgotten and happily refuted.

Radio has done some strange things. But the rehabilitation of Phil Lord is its strangest. Radio permitted an unjustly discredited, but nevertheless a discredited, man to borrow strength and support from a fictional character and re-establish himself in the eyes and ears of the so-called fickle audience. It was Barrymore's Richard the Third, and Bernhardt's Camille. Radio has reversed the old order, for now it is Seth Parker's Phillips Lord by virtue of the audience's loyalty to a character.

RADIO GUIDE, week ending 21 September, 1935

RADIO BONERS

ANNOUNCER: "Have your bad and missing teeth repaired at Dr. _____'s"
19 Jan 1936, WAAB Maine.

ANNOUNCER: "Tell in not more than 100 words, why you would like to go to the Texas Centennial on a sheet of paper."
11 Jun 1936, WFAA Dallas.

ANNOUNCER: "Answer 'yes' or 'no': Do you think the Constitution of the United States should be changed or left as it is?"
22 Jun 1936, WBBM, Chicago.

DON'T FRIGHTEN THE KIDDIES

Bang! Bang! Stick 'em up - I got you cornered, you rat" and Tommy, age seven, stalks into the house, pointing his toy pistol at his older brother. "Tommy, where did you ever learn that?" his horrified mother asked him, and Tommy, with the desire to track down the villain still gleaming in his eyes, launches into an enthusiastic description of a program he heard on the radio the day before.

The same evening Tommy's mother sits down and writes a letter to the broadcasting station, deploring the presence of too much gun-play on the air.

"You wanna buy a duck?" lisps little Jane, who at eight has the earmarks of a lady - and follows her question with a most unladylike sound.

And off goes another letter from Jane's harassed mother to the sponsor of the offending program which "corrupts the speech of young children throughout the land.

"You don't realize the tragedy your program may cause. Last night's sketch had a wicked stepmother in it . . . God knows, children have been poisoned enough toward stepmothers...."

This letter signed "A Stepmother who is trying to win the love of her children." came immediately after a classic fairy tale was dramatized on a children's program.

You have heard more than a few rumors, in recent months, to the effect that children's radio programs are under scrutiny. Well, those rumors are true - with a vengeance!

It's no simple tug-of-war between sponsors who want to sell products and who realize that children turn up their noses at wishy-washy programs, and psychologists, who know the effects of horror and excitement upon impressionable youngsters. It's more of a free-for-all! Sponsors know that blood-and-thunder thrillers and the "Hey-fellas" type of scripts are frowned upon by parents. Psychologists know that adventure, excitement and thrills must be present in moderation if children are to listen to the radio at all.

Broadcasting stations have not only a social responsibility but a financial investment. Existing contracts, conflicting 'expert' testimony on what is likely to shock little Johnny and what isn't, hundreds of letters of condemnation or approval of a single program - these make for a rough-and-tumble fight in which there is plenty of excitement, a lot of significance - and no small share of sheer absurdity.

The children's radio program industry is the youngest of the offshoots of the broadcasting business. But what a lusty, bouncing baby it has proved to be! In 1928, only three programs and a designated hour for children were broadcast from New York. Thirty-four and a half hours a week were devoted to them. Today, over 1000 hours a week are set aside for children's programs!

Also, the popularity of these programs among children has increased rapidly. Just as you can often tell from children's clothes just what they have had for lunch, so you can tell from their conversation what radio programs they've heard the day before. In many homes, deals are made with desperate and reluctant parents; children will eat, do homework, wash, only if they are given permission to listen to their favorite programs.

Here's an interesting example of the hold radio has on children. Last July, Deems Taylor, the famous composer, wrote to the young director of children's programs for one of the broadcasting companies. Its text follows:

My dear Miss Tucker,

My Joan left yesterday for the Orient. Going through her possessions last night, I found the enclosed program for a day's entertainment that she compiled for herself. I hope you are properly flattered.

Sincerely,
Deems Taylor.

Enclosed was a sheet of yellow paper on which eight-year old Joan Taylor, in her childish hand, had carefully listed 24 programs which she considered worth listening to, and which it was possible for her to hear in a single day. The "flattery" was inferred from the fact that she had printed "Adventure in King Arthur Land" a program produced by Miss Tucker, in very large letters.

When so young a child, from a home which might reasonably be expected to provide a diversity of interests for its small daughter, shows as keen an interest in air entertainment as did Joan, the moral is obvious. Radio, in all its ramifications has become one of the principal leisure-time activities of children. (Children imitate radio performers; many aspire to perform on children's programs; a greater number become members of radio clubs; some visit broadcast performances; others enter radio contests.)

What are the results?

No one will deny the fact that radio has its value for children. It has brought them some understanding of the dramatic march of world events, a greater appreciation of music, entertainment to brighten up rainy, dull days. It has stimulated children to think, enriched their knowledge, increased their vocabulary and helped them in school work.

But radio has, also, become careless.

There have been too many horror stories on the air. There have been too many programs which treated the subjects of gangsterism, crime, deep mystery, ghosts, sentimental love, unreal and impossible adventures. Left unchecked, these programs could easily become a real menace to children.

A few years ago, a study was made on the effect of the movies on children. It was found that many an escapade which had landed a child in a reformatory, had been borrowed intact from a movie. These escapades included thievery, as well as other crimes.

To prevent such a state of affairs in radio, a number of powerful child-welfare groups - among them the "National Council for Radio in Education," the "Child Study Association," the "American Library Association" and the "Progressive Education Association" - as well as the industry itself - have taken definite steps toward child program control.

The big Broadcasting Companies appointed qualified and trained people to insure the healthy development of children's programs. Columbia Broadcasting System, since the recent announcement of its intent to ban all violations of good taste from the air, and to raise the standards of juvenile entertainment, is getting down to brass tacks. It has secured the services of one of the leading child psychologists in the country, Prof. Arthur T. Jersild of Columbia University, to help determine what is objectionable and what is not. Columbia has also formed an advisory committee of representatives of outstanding groups constantly working in the interest of child health and education.

The National Broadcasting Company has in Paul Wing and Madge Tucker, two well informed and strict juvenile-program directors.

The object of all this activity is summarized by Prof. Jersild, who says, "The task of creating better standards of children's programs is one which requires the promotion of constructive policies rather than mere censorship of that which is bad. The Broadcasters must appeal to the child's interest, but he must also consider the child's welfare. The usual child likes adventure and thrills, and reasonable bounds, he has as much right to them as does the adult. But it is inexcusable to exploit the emotions of the normal child, to prey upon his fears, to lull him into a false sense of reality, or to drench him with a hokus-pokus and slight-of-hand solution of human problems."

One definite gain, which has been made in the last year in the field of sustaining programs, is to be seen in the increased choice of programs offered.

Children up to six years enjoy nursery tales and songs. From six to eleven years, or older, boys and girls like that legitimate excitement and stimulation of their imagination provided by vicarious adventures with great characters of history, or through the child heroes of their own age who figure in serial scripts. From ten to sixteen years, or older, the boy or girl interested in hobbies is offered authentic information in story form. This information may parallel his school work, his reading or his own investigations. Stamp collecting, bird study, training in animal care and aviation, are only a few examples of the subjects dealt with on this type of program.

A new trend in children's programs is also shown in the introduction of such sustaining programs as "Wilderness Road," which dramatizes the winning of the West with all its inherent drama and color, but which utilizes no unnecessary blood and thunder. Another program of the same type is Thomas Broadhurst's Sea Stories, personally related with salty gusto by the 78 year old sailor and author of the robust novel, "Blow the Man Down."

The commercial children's program has been a harder nut to crack. The sponsor who is paying the bills is - as a rule, interested in only one thing - selling his products. He wants the type of program which will attract the most children listeners. But even he has been forced to give in to the new trend. The Broadcasting systems have insisted on the change, and in several instances have even sacrificed accounts to uphold their principles.

There have been many examples of how the new policy of the broadcasting systems, plus an aroused public opinion, made the commercials toe the line.

Some of the commercials had to learn by bitter experience - like the cereal maker, who, after years of paying for a program which satisfied parents and children (and this is no means, a simple job) decided to go in for blood and thunder. With the big chains playing down the thrills in children's programs, he figured he would scoop his competitors by switching to an independent station and "opening up,"

Following the first episode written to meet his demands for heart-stopping thrills, the agency was deluged with hundreds of protests - and what hurt the sponsor even more - sales of the cereal dropped off overnight. With almost lightning speed, the former desirable tone of the program was restored.

The Bobby Benson program used to have a great deal of gun-play, fights, hectic adventure. Now the action is much slower and gun-play is almost non-existent.

There has been a veritable revolution in detective scripts for children. You don't kill the villain any more. You outwit him.

Horror, as such, is out. No more can such sounds as groans of dying men, the wailing of ghosts or the blood curdling cries of vampires be heard from the studios of the big stations.

Someshows, which were particularly hard hit by the new regulations, have had to leave the air. "Chandu, the Magician," and "Buck Rogers" are two outstanding examples. Others left the networks for less strict stations; the transfer of "Dick Tracy" from Columbia to WOR is an example.

The children's programs situation is still far from settled. Here are some of the reasons why:

Virtue may be on the side of the broadcasting studios in their search for psychologically sound "programs for children" - but apparently it comes at the usual high price. Kiddies' attitude toward radio programs seems to be very much like their attitude toward spinach. It may be good for them, but that doesn't mean they like it.

Dick Tracy, in his hunt for robbers and murderers, may not be what the psychologist ordered (there's too much action and too much excitement). Wilderness Road, where every historical detail is correct and where, although Daniel Boone is a leading character, not a single Indian has "bit the dust" (the only Indian who was hurt so far slipped on a log!) may have been selected by the Women's National Radio Committee as "a model program for children" - but the fact remains that Dick Tracy is wowing them and Wilderness Road is still sponsorless.

The "News of Youth" program which is only the dramatization of TRUE events - events which children most likely have heard or read about - should have little problem with censorship. But is that the case? Judge for yourself!

Recently, there was in the press a story about a little boy and the household cat. The boy, it seems, noticed that the cat was bringing a lot of fish into the house. The boy followed the cat and found that a school of fish had strayed into cold water and had been paralyzed. It was a good story, but it had to be killed because the picture of a cat with a fish in its mouth may have offended "good taste."

An attempt to dramatize the story of an accidental shooting of one boy by another (taken right out of the headlines) was tabooed - although the boy who was involved in the accident acted in a rather manly fashion, and even though the intention of the producers was to point out the dangers of playing with guns. There is an unholy fear of "guns" and "Gun-play" in the studios these days.

All of these difficulties were experienced by a single program and one having the added advantage of having been based on actual events.

Other factors complicated the children's program problem further. While the large networks have cut down on blood and thunder, the smaller stations still go at it hot and heavy. An ET program still heard over a fairly large independent station recently had an episode in which the villain, trapped on top of the stairs, shot into a mob with a machinegun, hardly an educational idea!

Program directors know that the kids prefer their radio fare wild and woolly. Also, children listen not only to children's programs, but also to those intended for adults. The "Witch's Tale," for instance, which is admittedly scary but which is put on at a time when all good children should be safely tucked in their beds, has a tremendous juvenile audience. The same is true of "Eerie Crime Club." Eddie Cantor's jokes are more a "mist" on many a child's radio schedule than the specially planned children's programs.

Recently, the "News of Youth" program dramatized a newspaper item about the Koch boy of Allentown, Penn., who had been kidnapped, taken to an out-of-the-way house, and bound hand and foot. The boy cut the cords by rubbing them over a jagged rock. He then broke out of the house, called the police and was rescued.

When asked how he learned the technique of escape, the Koch boy said he picked it up from a Dick Tracy program.

So stands the situation of what to do about children's programs. In spite of wisecracks, the problem is a serious one which must be solved by radio itself. Rather severe censorship prevails at present on the big broadcasting chains. Independents are more lax.

And - everyone is looking high and low for a perfect children's program - a program which will keep children interested, their parents comfortable and the sponsor smiling.

RACKET BUSTER NO. 1

It's early dawn in a great metropolitan food market, white coated workers swarm around the busy stalls. Bright lights glare on hundreds of boxes, on shiny piles of fruits and vegetables; here is food, food by the tons, heaped and stacked mountain high. Refrigerator trains and fast trucks have brought potatoes from Maine and Iowa, corn from Illinois, peas from Wisconsin, apples from Oregon, dairy products from the great milkshed of central New York, oranges, lemons, grapefruit from California and Florida. And all night long the trucks have been coming in, rolling horns of plenty, there is a ten ton tractor and trailer now, braking to a stop with chickens, milk fed, plump White Leghorn broilers. The driver and his helper jump down, start to unfasten ropes and latches. Suddenly the driver stops, he stares, a rope hanging limply in his hand.

"Hey, Joe. What s the matter with these chickens? Look at them."

One look is enough for Joe. He has seen dead chickens curled up in their crates before.

"Arsenic in the grain, last time they were fed," he says bitterly. "The boys are at it again."

"The Boys?" What Boys? Well, as a matter of honest fact they are not boys at all. Hardly, Joe is talking about the racketeers, prohibition bred, who specialize in the poultry branch of the food racket. You didn't know there was any such thing as a food racket? Indeed there is, and it's one of the most lucrative of them all.

In New York City alone, 60,000,000 chickens, valued at about \$100,000,000 are consumed annually. That's a lot of poultry, a lot of money to escape the attention of the racketeers whose fat bootleg liquor incomes had been taken from them by repeal. The method? Simplicity itself: The formation of "Poultrymen's Protective Associations." Outwardly these "associations" are perfectly legal. They regulate and control prices, assess their members weekly or monthly dues, apparently work to "improve" conditions in the industry. That s the surface story. The behind the scenes picture is a different one. It's a picture of bombed food shops, poisoned poultry, hijackings and truck wrecks. It's a picture that proves clearly that in the poultry racket, just as in every other racket, the consumers, you and I, the man in the street and his wife, are the people who pay. We pay in artificially boosted prices, in public monies diverted to grafting politicians, and in half a hundred other ways. And if the picture is a strange one to you, well, it needn't be. For on Tuesday, October 18, Edward G. Robinson and the rest of the Star-Studded cast of "Big Town" will present a broadcast taking the top off the poultry racket, so that all America can see it for just what it is.

Typical of "Big Town" broadcasts, long noted for their painstaking authenticity, will be the October 18 show. The original script for this program was written over a year ago, has since been scrutinized inside and out, rewritten, revised, "straightened" out in every possible way. For Edward G. Robinson is a stickler for detail. His programs have to be right. But the night and day research, the endless writing and rewriting, the mid-night conferences and the last minute changes that have gone into the "Big

"Town" program since it first went on the air last year have borne fruit, and today the program is rightfully recognized as one of the air's best. Robinson has made of his role, that of Steve Wilson, crusading editor of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS of "Big Town", a model of smashing, dynamic action. He has shown what can be done to fight the menace of racketeers, gangsters, civic corruption, and every other kind of evil to be found in a big city of today.

And putting a "Big Town" program on the air is almost as complicated as real, honest to goodness racket busting itself! For there's a heavy responsibility of vital importance to American men and women. Those men and women have a right to know the facts, and the facts must be accurate to the last word.

Says Edward G. Robinson: "We feel the weight of our responsibility to the millions who listen to "Big Town". Inasmuch as we are cracking down on sinister influences which actually exist in large American cities, we dare not let a single script go on the air unless it has been subjected to diligent research and painstaking revisions. If one play exhibited any loopholes, the listeners would be inclined to discredit all of those that followed."

"Big Town" begins with the submission of script ideas by staff or freelance writers. If the idea is sound, if it's backed by facts that cannot be questioned, the writer will be given a go ahead by Frederick N. Sard, script editor. Sard's background includes newspaper reporting and editing, magazine writing, years of intensive research in international relations, and study with James Huneker, famous critic. At least ten completed "Big Town" scripts are always on hand, so that a forced last minute abandonment of a script won't cause serious trouble.

Once a script has been completed and accepted and the date set for its broadcast, Edward G. Robinson calls a conference at his home in Beverly Hills. He gathers around him the author, script editor Sard, and Sard's assistance, Eddie Ettinger. Usually the little group works on the patio of Robinson's home. There's an ample supply of cigarettes, cigars and coffee. Edward G. Robinson has always believed that "scripts are not written, but rewritten," and the process usually involves the consumption of several gallons of coffee. First off, Robinson himself reads the entire script, talking all the parts. Long trained in every form of dramatic expression, he is quick to spot any structural weaknesses in the radio play, just as quickly finds and discards any lines that might be difficult to speak the clumsy, tongue-twisting sort of lines that radio actors read in their nightmares. Speaking of nightmares, Robinson does not have them, but he does frequently wake up in the middle of the night with an idea, and forthwith calls a writer for a conference that will last until dawn!

When Robinson is satisfied with the script, he usually makes numerous changes, a final revision is made. This goes to a hollywood law firm titled, by a ironical quirk of fate, "Gang and Kopp." The attorneys go over it carefully to see to it that anything in the story that has to do with legal procedure is correct, and to watch for libel. Typical of the precautions that are taken is this: Every name used on the "Big

Town" program is that of a living person who has given written permission to use it. Thus, no listener can say, That show had a gangster in it with MY name, I'll sue 'em.

Rehearsals begin the Saturday previous to the Broadcast in the main studio of Hollywood's brand new Columbia Broadcasting System building. Special music, written and conducted by Fran Frey, is rehearsed in the morning, and the players go to work at noon, when Robinson arrives. When Robinson or co-star Claire Trevor are engaged in film production the first rehearsal is held on Sunday. Work is the order of the day during these rehearsals. A recent session began at 10 a.m. on Saturday and lasted until 2 a.m. of Sunday. Final rehearsal begins at 10 a.m. Tuesday, continues straight through until broadcast time at 5 p.m. PST.

That's the way "Big Town" is put together. When the "Poultry Racket" script goes on the air this Tuesday, and you meet Steve Wilson, Lorelei, Luigi and Tony Torelli, "Red", and "Muggsy" and the rest, you'll know you're listening to the real thing; you'll know you're finding out something new about this America of ours. And it's something you need to know.

RADIO GUIDE, VOL 8 NO. 1 for the week ending 22 October, 1938

"BIG TOWN"

CAST:

Steve Wilson	-----Edward G. Robinson
	Edward Pawley
	Walter Breaza
Lorelei Kilbourne	-----Claire Trevor
	Ona Munson
	Fran Carlon
Tommy Hughes	-----Ed MacDonald
Miss Foster	-----Helen Brown
District Attorney Miller	-----Gale Gordon
Eddie, the Cabdriver	-----Ted de Corsia
Inspector Callahan	-----Dwight Weist
Dusty Miller, the photographer	-----Lawson Zerbe
	Casey Allen
Fletcher	-----Bill Adams
Danny	-----Michael O'Day
Harry the Hack	-----Mason Adams
Willis the Weep	-----Donalds MacDonald
Mozart	-----Larry Haines
Newsboy	-----Bobbie Winkler
	Michael O'Day
Narrator	-----Dwight Weist

Producer-Writer-Director: Jerry McGill

Directors: Richard Uhl, Joseph Bell, Crane Wilbur, William N. Robson

Script Editor: Frederick Sard

Assistant Script Editor: Eddie Ettinger

Theme: "Tell the Story"